

The



Cheer

"For St. Joe

and Success"

VOL. XVII.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1924

No. 7

SAINTS OPEN CAGE SEASON WITH TWO VICTORIES

ST. JOE FIVE TRAMPLES CHICAGO NORMAL 46 TO 30

CROWD ENTHUSIASTIC

Playing on its own floor for the first time this season, the snappy Red and Purple cage quintet gave the local fans a real surprise and thrill last Wednesday afternoon when it decisively defeated the Chicago Normal College five 46 to 30 in a fast and spirited game featured by brilliant dribbling and shooting.

The St. Joe squad looked invincible as it administered this second beating within a week to the Chicago outfit. The local pill tossers showed unmistakable flashes of mid-season form and already Captain Hoffman and his forwards are working together like a well oiled machine. The guarding too, has been a feature of the Collegians game thus far and if the improvement continues the Red and Purple aggregation will be a mighty hard one to beat.

The Normal cagemen were swept off their feet during the first few minutes of play when the Saints received the ball on the tip-off and Hoffman shot 2 baskets before the visitors even obtained possession of the ball. But the Chicago lads finally got their bearings and Capt. Peacock and Cook began their offensive while Holm rung up the only two field goals that the Normal offensive netted during the first half. Scheidler's spectacular bounding into the air directly in front of the Chicago forwards cost the visitors several points as their hesitation resulted in their loss of the ball. The St. Joe "Horsemen" were thoroughly warmed up by this time and Hoffman launched a terrific offensive. Klocker and Koors were able assistants and St. Joe kept piling up the score with Hoffman tossing six field goals and Klocker four before the gun ended the half. Score: St. Joe, 26; Normal, 7.

Three Horsemen Stop Rally

The game was particularly lively at the beginning of the second half with the Saints advancing their total. Then Coach Radican sent in Ameling, Weier and Petit for Hoffman, Klocker and Scheidler. Before these boys got (Continued on page 2)



Greetings

To our subscribers
To our advertisers

The Cheer extend
Heartiest Wishes

for

A Merry Christmas

and

A Prosperous New Year

MUELLER AND LUDWIG TO HEAD CLASS of '25

On Sunday, Dec. 14, the Reverend President called a meeting of all students who intend to graduate this year. Under the temporary chairmanship of Edward Kotter the class, including forty-five members, was soon organized. Ralph Mueller as president, and Joseph Ludwig as secretary were unanimous choices. The graduating class is, indeed, fortunate to have these two capable and obliging students to take care of the work connected with these offices.

THE C. L. S. TO PRESENT "BELIEVE ME, XANTIPPE"

On tomorrow evening the C. L. S. will offer "Believe Me Xantippe," a comedy-drama in four acts by Frederick Ballard. This play of A-1 calibre made an excellent appearance in New York with John Barrymore in the leading role.

George MacFarland, the main character, a wealthy New York clubman, places a wager that for one whole year he can evade every officer of the peace in the United States. Whether or not he wins and how, is a plot that will hold any audience's attention.

The staging of this play by the C. L. S. is quite an ambitious project, but the C. L. S. believes that St. Joe audiences appreciate quality plays and hence has gone to considerable expense to obtain rights to stage it here. To defray this expense and that incurred by costumes and other effects it has been decided to charge an admission of twenty-five cents.

The student who wishes to miss two hours and more of pleasant amusement should not be in Alumni Hall tomorrow evening.

OSCAR SIEBEN SERIOUSLY ILL

Serious illness has laid hold of another member of our family here at St. Joe. Oscar Sieben, member of the Senior High School class, was taken sick last Monday. He did not think his case was serious but an examination found that it was necessary to operate at once, and last Tuesday he was removed to Paskevitch Memorial Hospital, Chicago, where the operation was performed Tuesday night. It disclosed that he has a very serious case of acute appendicitis and he is now in a very precarious condition. It is unnecessary to state that his host of friends here are hoping and praying for his speedy and complete recovery.

St. Joe Opens Basket Ball Season by Defeating Chicago Normal, 23-19

SAINTS LEAD AT HALF

Friday, December 12, should be marked in Red and Purple, for on that date St. Joe's quintet, led by the veteran Captain Hoffman, hopped off to the Windy City where before a crowd of six or seven hundred teachers-to-be it administered a neat 23 to 19 beating to the Chicago Normal cagemen. This game, the season's opener for both teams, was extremely fast and hard-fought. The Hoosiers led at the half, 13-12. In the second half the contest continued nip and tuck until the gun ended the play with the St. Joe outfit on top.

The Red and Purple were the faster quintet, and their short, accurate passes, and clever dribbling kept the Chicago team on the defensive much of the time. When Normal had the ball the Saints displayed a strong five-man defense and the Collegian's guarding was so close that the Chicago boys were forced to resort to long shots and passes.

Byrne started the scoring for St. Joe by tossing a foul and shortly afterward Petit rung up the Saint's first basket of the season. Captain Hoffman and Klocker quickly followed with one each. Then Normal began to find the range and Captain Peacock and Cook shot five baskets between them. Klocker and Petit each added two points to St. Joe's total which with timely ringers and two fouls by Hoffman and Byrne gave the Saints 13 to Normal's 12 at the half.

St. Joe Wins

During the second half the Teachers strained every nerve to tie the count, but the Saints drew steadily away from them. "Norm." Liebert went in for Petit, and Hoffman went on a scoring rampage. The big center then put in three baskets, two of them by long spectacular shots from close to the center of the floor. The Teachers worked hard to keep the ball near the Saints' basket, but Scheidler, St. Joe's "climbing backguard," repeatedly blocked their attempts to score.

Captain Hoffman started out with even more than his old time fire and dash while Klocker and Byrne, St. Joe's flashy forwards, worked with him admirably. Petit's and Liebert's guarding was almost air-tight and Scheidler at backguard had the Indian sign on the enemy forwards.

Captain Peacock's dribbling was a feature of Normal's game while Cook, his running mate, was Chicago's high point man. The lineup:

St. Joe (23)

	B	F	P	T
Klocker, rf.	3	3	1	0
Byrne, lf.	0	1	1	0
Hoffman, c.	4	1	1	0
Petit, rg.	2	0	0	0
Liebert, rg.	0	0	0	0
Scheidler, lg.	0	0	3	0

Chicago Normal (19)

	B	F	P	T
Peacock, rf.	3	1	2	0
Cook, lf.	4	1	2	0
Teuscher, lf.	0	0	0	0
Holm, c.	1	0	1	0
Leiberson, rg.	0	0	1	0
Delveaux, rg., lg.	0	0	1	0
Farrell, lg.	0	1	2	0

Referee: Quant.

Timekeepers: Hanson and Liebert.

BASKETBALL LEAGUE READY FOR ACTION

Since the arrival of another basketball season, the spirit of the student-body at St. Joe's has again developed an unusual interest in this game. It's the spirit that promises to make the league contest intensely exciting.

The various circuits, already under organization, will be ready to open up as soon as we return from the Christmas vacation.

Russel Scheidler, the popular class-football director, has been appointed General Manager of league basketball, in which capacity he will be assisted by Harry Estadt and Walter Boone. Estadt will supervise the Senior loop, a league which will include all of the class teams, while Boone will direct the Junior and Midget organizations. The following is a list of the Senior league teams and their respective coaches:

Team	Coach
Fourths	(Manager RDeShone).pup
Seniors	Hoffman
Fourths (Manager DeShone)	Boone
Thirds	Klocker
Seconds	Byrne
Firsts	Scheidler

The Academic league, which will also come under the supervision of Estadt, will be organized in a few days. The formation of the Junior and Midget leagues will likewise take place shortly.

CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY

The Christmas spirit is the burden of many songs, none of which expresses that spirit more beautifully than does "Silent Night," known, we dare say, the world over. Few are aware that the present Yule-tide is the hundredth anniversary of this beautiful carol. It was composed in 1824 by Father Joseph Mahr, pastor of Obendorf, Austria, and set to its hauntingly simple melody by Franz Gruber.

"Foiled" yelled the man as he unwrapped a piece of candy.

SAINTS OPEN CAGE SEASON

(Continued from page 1)

thoroughly warmed up, however, Normal started a rally and Captain Peacock shot five baskets with Holm adding three field goals and a free throw. The visitors score advanced from 7 to 26 while the Saint Joe subs fought valantly to halt it. Coach Radican rushed Captain Hoffman, Klocker and Scheidler back into the game at this point and the "Three Horsemen" soon stopped the opposing advance and the Saints' score began to climb once more. A few moments later the gun ended the game. Final score: St. Joe, 46; Chicago Normal, 30.

Captain Hoffman played one of the greatest games ever seen on a local floor. The big center made eleven baskets and one free throw. Klocker was another shining light having six field goals to his credit. Koors played a stubborn, fighting game despite injuries, and Scheidler was the backbone of the Red and Purple defense. Ameling played well and rung up two baskets by long shots.

Captain Peacock and Holm starred for Normal. Peacock's dribbling was exceptionally good. Lineup:

St. Joe (46)

	B	F	P	T
Klocker, rf.	6	0	0	0
Ameling, rf.	2	0	1	0
Koors, lf.	2	3	1	0
Weier, lf.	0	0	1	1
Hoffman, c.	11	1	3	0
Liebert, rg.	0	0	1	0
Petit, lg.	0	0	0	0
Scheidler, lg.	0	0	0	0

Chicago Normal (30)

	B	F	P	T
Peacock, rf.	6	1	0	0
Cook, lf.	0	4	0	0
Liebertson, lf.	0	0	1	0
Holm, c.	6	1	1	0
Delveaux, rg.	0	0	1	0
Farrell, lg.	0	0	0	0

Referee: Clearwater. Timekeepers: H. Estadt; Forche.

Letters They Never Received Say Ed.:

What's the reason my name was left out of the joke column last issue? When I subscribed for The Cheer it was understood that I was to get plenty of mention in the "Cheery Chokes." It was a dirty trick, that's what it was.

Jeerfully yourn.

JOHN BYRNE.

Answer

Dear John:

Please forgive us for the omission. We realize how much you enjoy seeing your name in this column and we shall try to make up for the last issue by using your name twice in the present one.

Yours truly,

THE EDITOR.

WITH THE ALUMNI

St. Francis' Seminary,
St. Francis, Wisconsin,
December 14, 1924.

Come on Alumni! Fellow Classmates of '24! Everybody! tune in and hear the thrilling sounds of jingle bells in the icy air of night. Hark! 'tis dear old Santa with his reindeers gliding hurriedly over the glittering snow announcing to you all the advent of Christmas. Coming from his Wisconsin home, built by the frolic architecture of the snow, he carries with him a gift for you all, (whether in the U. S. A. or abroad), a gift which Santa will deliver personally to each of you, a gift of greater value than material things—the most sincere, true and Catholic wish of **A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year**, from your Badger classmate of '24. Accept this wish in its fullest meaning, and as a bond, by which we may draw more closely the links of the golden chain of friendship which we formed while at St. Joe.

Our days at St. Joe are over; we cannot go back and actually grasp the affectionate and firm hands of our former classmates and catch their cheery smile. No, in person we have departed from our Alma Mater; we are scattered throughout the different states of the U. S. A.; some of our number are even now in the various countries of Europe, but all of us in spirit, nevertheless, wander back to our Alma Mater. Through the medium of "The Cheer" and its alumni column, we relive in spirit those happy hours we spent at St. Joe. And ask anyone, who is separated from all his former classmates, and is at a strange institution experiencing that cold thrill of being a stranger among strange people for the first few weeks; ask him I say, if he ever thought of his Alma Mater and the pals he left behind him? Oh! he will have an interesting story for you full of human interest. He will undoubtedly say, if you cannot appreciate St. Joe—leave it—and try to find a similar institution that will compare with it; then be truthful and "kick" if you can! Some say that the best way for a wife to regain and quicken her husband's love is to leave him for awhile. Well, I have no experience in that line and therefore will not draw a rash conclusion. But this much I know from personal experience, the best way to quicken our love for our Alma Mater; the best way to realize the debt of gratitude we owe her; the best way to impress upon our minds the profound meaning of the words, "My College Pal," is to be indefinitely separated from St. Joe and your classmates.

In the name of the Alumni and the class of '24, I therefore wish the fac-

ulty of St. Joseph's College and "The Cheer" staff, **A Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year**, as well as assuring you our faithful support in living up to the motto: "St. Joe Win or Lose; St. Joe Always."

Sincerely,
PHILIP J. ROSE, '24.

Little Bobbie's Sacrifice

It was in the latter part of bleak November. Little Bobbie, the eight-year-old son of Mr. T. J. McDonald, who had been an invalid since his birth was sitting near the window watching the dancing, whirling snowflakes as they fluttered down from the dizzy heights.

"O, daddy," he began addressing the father who was sitting in his easy chair reading the "College Cheer," "what a fine Christmas this will be. Santa Claus will now be able to use his sleigh to bring me a Christmas tree from his home in the far North. Does Santa Claus know that we have no Christmas trees in our country this year, daddy?"

The father, all absorbed in the interesting letter of Hiram to his father, for a long time made no reply. Finally, with a smile still lingering on his face, he remarked that Santa Claus never yet forgot to bring a tree and that probably he would manage to furnish one this year, at least for the really good boys and girls of the land.

It was the year in which all the pines and cedars of the country had been destroyed by a terrible tree disease. The plague had done its work so effectively that only a very few trees, so highly treasured by the little folks, survived, and hence all the little ones were planning a substitute for their accustomed, glittering, tinsel tree for Christmas morning.

Mr. McDonald had already informed his men who were working on his tract of timberland in northern Canada to try to find at least one pine tree, and to send it in as soon as possible. Fortunately, they discovered the seemingly only one, a stately pine, which by some coincidence in nature had grown up uninfected by the plague. When it came to the city the news spread and a great crowd gathered about to see it for it was to be the only Christmas tree in the entire city that year.

In the afternoon of the twenty-fourth, Mr. McDonald and little Bobbie, as usual, visited the orphan home, to bring some toys and good cheer to the little homeless children. In the midst of the hall stood an imitation tree not over four feet high. The children had decorated it with colored paper and tinsel. Presents were not so plentiful, at least, according to Bobbie's view of things. He thought

to himself that such a tree could not make him happy, but what was he to do about it. So after his father had distributed a few presents, the two departed. The little heart of Bobbie had, however, been touched by the sight of these little children who were without a real tree, and in his heart arose the desire to get his father to help them in some way that they also might have a Christmas tree.

On Christmas morning the little tot came romping down stairs. When his eyes fell upon the beautiful tree so nicely decorated, he thought it was a dream. He had many presents to attract his attention, but the tree seemed the center of attraction. The one thought of those poor little orphans, and how happy he was as compared to them, always came back to him. With a lump in his throat and tears in his eyes he crept up on his father's lap.

"Daddy dear," he began, "how wonderful the tree is. But just look at the rest of my presents. Wouldn't the poor children at the home be tickled with our great tree? Let's take it over there just to surprise them, for I will have enough fun with my toys without the tree."

Such an expression of brotherly love moved the father to tears. He was glad to see that his little son had such a generous heart.

So the tree was taken on a big truck to the orphan home. Down the main street it went with the people parading after it. When the children at the home saw the tree they knew that it was from Santa Claus, because all the Christmas trees of the country were gone.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive," said Bobbie, "so I hope that God will bless us for parting with our Christmas tree."

EDWARD CROCKETT, '28.

Aw, You Quit That!

Mary had a little lamb;
She put it on a shelf;
But every time it wagged its tail,
It spanked its little self.

Ain't That So!

A little ice, a little snow,
A little freeze and down you go.

The Hour Glass attributes this one to their cheer leader: "Come on now fellows, show them your blue and white supporters"; our cheer leader is more genteel when he says: "Show them your Red and Purple fans."

What's the use of wishing
When you can't have what you wish?
It's just like going fishing
Where there are never any fish.

Keep your temper—nobody else wants it.

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Address: Editor, The College Cheer,
Collegeville, Indiana.

Collegeville, Indiana, Dec. 20, 1924

EDITORIALS

CHRISTMAS

Again Christmas comes and again through the frosty December air comes the season's greetings of cheer and joy. The fragrant perfume of the spruce and pine together with the sight of holy and mistletoe tell us the Yule season is here. Holiday crowds hurrying by; sparkling eyes and ruddy cheeks radiate the spirit of good will that characterizes every Christmas. And that is not all. Re-echoing through nineteen centuries comes the old, old story, and still mankind listens and re-enacts it just as fervently as it did ages ago.

What rich memories the season brings before our mind's eye. We go in spirit to Bethlehem and there kneel with Mary and Joseph before the manger in that wretched cave. How beautiful and innocent appears the tiny Infant as He lies in the rude crib. The breath of the ox and the ass smokes in the chilly air. But the cold is not felt, for in that Infant's breast there burns a flame of infinite love, a love the like of which the world will never again see. How exquisite are the strains wafted from the inky sky by the angelic choirs. And the shepherds, how timidly they approach their King. Sublime, indeed, is the occasion: Jesus Christ, the Second Person of the Trinity, made man to save the world.

It is more than natural then that Christmas has such a wonderful appeal? Rich and poor alike forget their standing and join in that vast brotherhood of man to sing the praises of their God. The candle burns just as bright in the hovel of the peasant as it does in the window of the mansion. Jesus Christ came to all men and all men pay Him homage. What a beautiful lesson of humility He has taught us by His birth! Born in a stable, He, the King of heaven and earth. Should that memory not forever curb our pride?

Today we find just as much deceit and indifference in the world as we did yesterday; the centuries have failed to change mankind; cynics still sneer and bigots continue to spread

intolerance abroad. But all is forgotten with the advent of Christmas. Pessimism finds no room during the Yule-season and the world follows the star of hope to Bethlehem.

Bound up in the priceless traditions of the day no practice is more expressive of the good will that characterizes Christmas than the exchange of gifts. We often hear it said that commercialism is at the bottom of it all. But nothing could be farther from the truth. We give because of the joy and satisfaction the deed brings us.

And so again it is Christmas. Would that our feeble pen could express the pent-up ecstasy of our heart. We shall enjoy this Christmas more than we have enjoyed any other because we shall be celebrating the good will of nineteen centuries, and every one will recur with its measure of happiness. Let us open our hearts wide and let the spirit of the Yuletide permeate our whole being. Let us live in the real spirit of Christmas, the spirit of real Christian humility. If we do this, then will our hearts rejoice as on Christmas morn we follow the star through the frosty air of dawn to the manger and there kneel in holy joy before our King as the heavenly strain is wafted to our ears again: "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will."

THE OLD AND THE NEW

Nineteen hundred twenty-four has but a short time to live. The ravages of time are exacting and youth must be served. The new year full of ambition anxiously awaits the hour when it may step upon the treadmill and begin the race with the sands of time. The year to all of us has either been one of achievement or of failure. How many have failed; how many of us can satisfactorily account for the entire three hundred and sixty-six days. The number would undoubtedly be few. No matter whether we regard the year as one of success or failure, there are certain things that could be improved. Now is the time to contemplate them. The dregs alone remain, but if improvement is to come, the dregs must be drained.

To many the new year will mean only a continuation in the old, familiar rut. Others will make resolutions with never a thought of fulfilling them. A few, however, will make resolutions to keep. We should all be among the last class. Resolutions made after contemplating the mistakes of the old year, are the most beneficial. Our future depends upon the knowledge of the past. We should not therefore, let 1924 slip into oblivion without a thought. True, to some this will be a distasteful task, for to recall failures is not easy. Success, on the other hand, comes back

to our memory without a great effort. The man, however, who has the ability to realize his mistakes and acknowledge them is the man, who eventually will succeed.

When we ponder over a failure we generally blame this and that and the other fellow. Nine times out of ten the trouble is right with ourselves. Self pity is our greatest foe; it flatters us and blinds our eyes against the real fault. Humility is a virtue known to few men, yet every real man must be humble.

And thus the new year comes and the old departs. If we have been "kidding" ourselves heretofore let us do so no longer. Find just how matters stand. Let each one of us take up the past as we would a thread and trace it back through the past year. Undoubtedly we shall be surprised at the great numbers of breaks. Then and there knot those ruptures together with a firm resolution. If we do these things then when we shall pass another milestone along the highway of time, the year that now holds the hidden future will record a glorious past.

THE SEASON'S GREETINGS

Tuesday morning, grip in hand, and with jubilant shouts the student body will scatter to the four winds to spend the holidays at home. Home! Just think of it, we are going home! Many a day has passed since we entered these portals in the balmy days of September. Christmas to us then seemed a million miles away; but everything comes to him who waits. Even the more hardened of us must confess that we have often anticipated with joy these days of vacation. It is, indeed, a grand and glorious feeling, this going home.

Christmas with its colorful setting seems to mean more to a college lad than to anyone else. Think of those moments when we shall rush into the fond embrace of father and mother and brothers and sisters; think how happy we shall feel when we grasp the hands of our old pals. There is joy in everything and everyone seems to have a smile for us at Christmas time.

We are going home next Tuesday to forget studies and worries; we are going to enjoy ourselves. There will be no bells, save the merry chiming Christmas bells, to wake us in the wee, chilly hours of the dawn. For two weeks we shall live a life of ease, and no one shall begrudge us these pleasures. College days are the most carefree of our lives, and true indeed, do these words seem now. All the joys in the world is the **Cheer** staff's wish to the student body on the eve of this vacation. A thrice **Merry Christmas** and a **Prosperous New Year** to all,

From Santa's Mail Bag

Dec. 10, 1924.

Mr. Santa Claus,
.00003 Icicle Avenue,
North Pole.

Dear Santa:

Right now you must have a deuce of a time making out your gift list and a little help we know would please you very much. Several of our class-mates have made known their wishes so we are sending them to you.

Dan Costillo and Joe Steckler, the billiard trust, want the cues equipped with Winchester range-finders and a pad of paper, also a pencil to take care of the trade after Xmas. Oh, yes, when you are in the billiard room please take that (NO CREDIT) sign with you. Norm Liebert wants a pocket book, but it must have a place to carry pictures. One of the nicest fellows in our class named Westendorf, has the most unruly temper. Please send him the book, "How to Control the Organism" by Caster Oil. Little Johnnie Brennan wants some more of that Hi-School Complexion cream. Santa, you remember those mustache sticks that were used years ago. Please bring one to Joe Sirovey; he has the cutest little eyebrow, but it won't curl worth a darn. While you are in the basement looking for Sirovey's gift, please look up that old book, "Gossip and Scandal of the 18th Century." Basil Beckman and Oscar Sieben both want a copy. Santa, Franc Weier is such a good giver. Please bring him some socks and neckties.

"Daddy" Ludwig (No, he is just the boy who runs our class) wants a razor and instruction how to use it in six parts. Red Gleason will never again doubt you if you will but gladden his heart with a set of four wheel frictionless brakes for the family street car. Red Kenney has a great desire for a kiddie car, as he wants to show Mansfield what speed is but you can use your own judgment as to whether you should place this dangerous engine in his hands. Oh yes, Bobbie Boone, he wants to be a fireman. Please bring him a pair of hose.

That's all.

P. S.—Gee, we nearly forgot. You know Ed. Ranly, bring him some pipe

cleaners and a new pipe; we would all appreciate them.

P. S. No. 2.—Herbie Kramps wants an umpire's mask, chest protector, some shin guards and a pair of 12 ounce boxing gloves. He just took up the art of defending himself. Ed. Glennon wants any Peru lady under a mistletoe. Mac DeShone wants a nice new speller. "Brute" Hipkind wants some basketball trunks, a few fountain pens, and letters from "Warren, Ind."

P. S. No. 3.—We have a basketball team, and you know these shiny nickel plated cups with "CHAMPS 24; BASKETBALL LEAGUE," engraved on it? Well, we want one of them for the team.

The rest of the class didn't say what they wanted so you'll have to use your own judgment on them.

We are,

THE FOURTH CLASS.

P. S.—Gee whiz yes, when you get Weier's socks don't forget we wear size elevens.

The earth has grown old with its
burden of care,
But at Christmas it is always
young.
The heart of the jewel burns lus-
trous and fair
And its soul full of music bursts
forth in the air
When the song of the angels is
sung.

Tailoring Mending
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CHEERY CHOKES

In speaking of dumbbells do not forget Paul Forche in connection with "Letters they never received." After reading the one saying that we were going home on the 15th he immediately wired for his ship. (Tain't so, Paul.)

We're glad to say that nobody has requested a footnote on our last column of jokes. Getting wise, eh, gang?

"Old stuff" said the red-nosed man as he swallowed the likker.

"Two-timing," says Wimmers, "is a musical term."

Popular Books

"Three Days, or It Won't Be Long Now."

"Any old Time-Table."

Nope, Egbert, Marcel and Bob are not sister and brother.

Origin of Popular Phrases

"I smell smoke": first used by Sir Walter Raleigh's servant.

"Oh cut it out": what Epaminondas really said after Mantinea.

"You Brute": Caesar uttered this one on March 15, 44 B. C.

Things to Be Thankful For
Russel getting back from Chi O. K.
Two weeks at home instead of one.

You may Rob Romweber but you can't Skip Sirovy.

From Mac DeShone's Diary
Dec. 20, 1923.—Heard a new song today. It sure is a hummer: "Yes, we have no Bananas."

Fat Hubbuch: (to clerk) Are the colors in this tie fast?

Clerk: "Say bo, when those colors start running Red Grange ain't in it." (Fat bought the tie.)

Encyclopedia Collegevilla

Diploma: Something to be devoutly hoped, wished and prayed for.

Study-hall: A lounging room for over-worked students.

Astute Philosophy

Dum: "Why has Juppiter eight moons, and Saturn even ten, while the earth has only one?"

Belle: "Aw gwan, give me a harder one: so men might make more moon-shine."

Wildfire is tame compared with the cross-word puzzle.

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OUR SLOGAN:

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O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

(By Phillip Brooks.)

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

II.

For Christ was born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.

O morning stars together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

III.

O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

It is reported that the conduct of those studies in the lower study hall has been very good during the past week. Atta time boys, Santa Claus sees everything.

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